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Original Pictures of Life.

THE PET FROM THE POOR HOUSE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS,

AUTHOR OF "MALINA GRAY," "DAVID HUNT," ETC., ETC.

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1848, BY DEACON & PETERSON, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT, OF THE EASTERN DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA.]

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER X.

The grey morning dawned gloomily on Chester's desolated home, Isabella awoke and looked around with dull and heavy eyes. The beauty of her young face was clouded by a night of sharp anxiety and broken rest. Mary sat opposite, leaning with both elbows on the table, and resting the poor child with a haggard and sorrowful countenance.

"Has he not come back—eh, Mary, or is not town yet?"

Mary shook her head. "I have been awake all night, every moment. He has not been here."

"And I—how—how could I sleep, poor miser a-way, and mamma so ill. I did not think that anything could make me sleep at such a time, Mary?"

"But you were so tired; oh, I was glad when your head drooped on the table: it looked so pitiful to see you growing paler and paler, while the anxiety was wearing you down. I am glad that you could sleep at all, Isabella."

"I feel as if I should never sleep again," replied the child, looking at the covered plate where her tea had stood untouched the night before last night. "He will never come back, Mary Fuller, I feel sure of it now."

Mary did not answer—she only caressed her eyes with one hand and sat still.

Isabella arose, took the covered plate in both her hands and placed it in the cupboard, weeping bitterly: this was almost the first instance in which that she really did not expect to see her father again. She crept back to Mary, and leaning upon her shoulder began to sob with a violence that alarmed her companion. Poor thing, it is a hard lesson when childhood first comes to teach its sensibility of grief.

"What shall we do, Mary," whispered the poor child, bursting once more into tears, "if he never should come back? Mamma is ill—if she should die, and I—I—"

"Isabella," said Mary, solemnly, "what should we do if—if your father should be dead?"

He is a kind parent, Mary, and I am sure of that; what else could keep him from home, and mamma really dying? Oh, Mary, I am sure, I am sure that he is dead; we shall never, never see him again." And at last the grief of the child broke forth afresh; she clung her arms around Mary Fuller, and rose to the floor, almost dragging the little darkened with her. "Mary, he is dead—he is dead."

"Who is dead—who is dead, I say? Why do you rave? Is it your father, or mine? Speak, girl, all in loose clothes—scarlet, gold, purple, ribbons—eh? Is it one of them?" exclaimed, in the voice of Mrs. Chester, and there was a rustling of the bed clothes, as if she were trying to cast them from her.

The children held their breath, and crowded close together. "Speak Miss Fuller," cried she.

"Learn the children, leave them: I did not tell you to drive up the children—eh, Chester, that they are laying our children off. Isabella—Mary Fuller, come back."

"I am here—no one shall take me away," said Mary Fuller, leaning over the bed. "Isabella, too, is close by; she will not run down, for she knows we see you so sick; do not mind her now, they will grow bright again when you are well."

Mrs. Chester accepted up to the idea, a moment or consciousness seemed to come over her—she looked at Mary as if at Isabella, and spoke to them in a whisper, leaning half out of bed.

"Girls, where is he? tell me now, Mary, that's a good little girl—what have they done with him?"

The children looked at each other, and Isabella began to sob.

"She is, it is since I went to sleep! he was here then, you know?" she cried.

"Only a little moment," answered Mary, quickly. "You have not slept long."

"Oh, I thought—but then people will dream such things—they will tell me that he will be back soon—can't you tell me that, little Isaba?"

"Let him, there, now take a glass of water, and I will come," said Mary Fuller, leaning over the bed, "Isabella, run a close by, and I will come to you. Do not be so very sorry, you will grow bright again when you are well."

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"No, no! give me a whole hundred—no water, but clear cold one!"

And they gave it to her; in her burning hands and her parched mouth the cup of water was cold coldness: it slaked the burning fever. It melted in her head, laying out in cool drops on her face and over her bosom, where the head lay clustered tightly upon the cool treasure. With her white teeth she crushed the diamond fragments in her mouth, and laughed to feel the drops flowing down her throat.

"Now, Mary, little Mary Fuller, go and tell him that I am quite awake, and waiting for him by the now, while the sea is plenty, he shall have a dance."

"I will go!" said Mary, and drawing Isabella from the room she told her to stay there by her mother, to give him notice when he arrived, while going the fleetness she put on her hood and mantle.

"I will find him; I will not come back without news; but, oh, Isabella, I have little hope of anything but news that will awake, and trailing in the air. I would not say this, but it has been in my heart since we arrived last night. I am afraid, and—don't cry again, Isabella—it seemed to me as if she died then."

Isabella turned very pale, and she gazed upon Mary in terrible silence.

"And I was sleepy then?" she said in a voice of self reproach.

"Hush!" said the deformed, gently, "I am sure sleep we must be nearest to Heaven; why should you feel bad because you were closer to him than I was?"

"I—I dreamed of him!" answered Isabella, as if struck by some sudden remembrance, and her eyes so heavy the moment before, lighted up, "I dreamed of him!"

"And what did you dream, tell me that, Isabella—what did you dream?"

"I don't know—it was but he was away in such a beautiful, beautiful place, the hills were all purple and gold, and the sky was so bright, and the trees, or something that made them move lovely that anything you ever saw my eyes. The ocean were so clear that they seemed to be made of crystal, and the banks, all covered with flowers, seemed to slope down and bow the waters with soft colors that broke up through; it was all shining and rolling before me, and I was so glad, so glad to see him, Mary, I saw my father there, and—you—now I am sure—mamma was with him—she was, Mary Fuller, and I was so glad to see her looking as well there in anything in dreams. You will find him, I am sure you will find him. Oh, Mary, I am so glad that I fell asleep, while you were watching."

Mary did not speak, but threw her arms around the beautiful, and most unrested child—oh, hope springs so readily in the young heart—leaving her tenderly before she went down.

"It was a sweet dream?" she murmured, going down the stairs; "I had many such when my father died. I suppose God sends them to comfort little children when He makes orphans of them—

"Men do not die of broken hearts in these days," said the Mayor, turning away. "It is only women and children that talk of such things, you see," he continued, addressing the officer, "that the law body of taken his loss so nearly to heart, for. This should be a warning to all in your department, sir." The policeman bit his lip and his face flushed, the only answer that he made was given in a stern tone, "I will do my duty, sir," and the Mayor passed on, politely followed by his companions. The ruddy face of the Alderman was many shades paler than usual, and his voice faltered as he addressed the Mayor. "This is very shocking. If I had known that it would end so, I for one would have had nothing to do with it."

"I am sorry that you are disinclined," answered the Mayor, coldly, "for the case you brought against the man seemed a very clear one—nothing could have been stronger than the evidence, and were such all my disposition to serve you, I should not have acted as I did."

The Alderman's head grew pained in profound submission, his eyes were open, and his heavy lips parted—giving out the usual form of his features.

"But, sir, but—" he could not go on, the profound composure of the Mayor's face silenced him—he really began to think that the whole guilt of this innocent man's death rested with himself, that he had altogether misunderstood his honor from the first.

Having deepened and settled this conviction upon his come-into-existence dignity by a vagabonded and grave silence, the Mayor added, soothingly:

"In political life, these things must be expected, of course no one is responsible for the rascality that may be taken in the dark. His man was outrageous long before you ever saw him?"

"I wish that he had never crossed my path, of say calm," replied the Alderman, almost sternly. "I for my dying day I shall never forget that face! I shall see it, nothingly as he looked, I was ever led into persecuting him. Smith washed the appearance much, true enough, and he had every thing to reward my election, but so had fifty others, how on earth did it ever come to take all the interest in his claim?"

An expression that was almost a smile stole over Mayor Chester's lips, as he answered, and meant to his consummate craft, and the two passed on.

Meantime, the policeman returned from the church's office with a child, which she placed carefully over the body of poor Chester. The little girl crept upon the cart, and placing the marble head of her father in her lap, she sat with her face that rocked herself as the poor wife had loved to do, and so the cart moved on with its mournful load.

Mrs. Chester's heavy was that young creature's heart, as she drew near the once happy home. They stopped by the door.

"Let me go in first," said the child, "go up first. It will kill them to see him all of a sudden, they loved him so."

The driver had lost much time, but he could not find it in his heart to say a word of censure.

"Mary and placed that little weary head upon the seat of her father,—"he can't need to it, like us," she said, shrinking back from the body.

"No," he answered, "she can't be expected to feel for him as we do, Mary, for she never knew him as we did, nor heard his kindness, or what sweet words he spoke."

Mary went to the cupboard.—It was empty—not a crust was there save the supper which had been left untouched the night before. Mary and Mary hesitated—it seemed terrible to offer that food to the dead, but they must have something—they Mary went up to Isabella and whispered to her.

"Have you a sixpence that you can spare, I have not a cent of the money?"

"No," replied Isabella, with a sob. "I spent the last on the cake—I was so hungry, and it did not seem to be the money, but I thought of mother then."

"Come," she said, looking over the counter, "Isabella, Isabella, get up, and try to you can that—I will get you strength."

Mary turned toward the cupboard, she placed the cold supper on another plate, and bringing it forth, spread a clean cloth upon the table, and poured out the tea.

I must go and wake my father's supper, and go and make the cheese, and cream the milk for Madame Helvetius."

Annette rose up from the stone bench, arranged her dress a little, and then, evidently discovering, with some difficulty, a weak link in the kitchen garden, where her father had been talking about all the morning with the vinedresser.

"My dear friend," said Madame Helvetius to Franklin, "you are a better citizen than Helvetius at least you are much more useful and necessary to your country than he is; could you decide wholly to give up your Assembly? Would you be willing to end your days in France, near the checkyard of Auteuil, for these great cities will soon consume labor; your son, which rises over the unburned forests? I, for my part, think as Annette does, I prefer the country and the work which you are making free, the little insignificant checkyard of Auteuil. You may watch your bald sky," added she, "in a charming one, but what do you say to that which we have just now heard?"

Franklin made no reply; he kissed the hand of the lady whom he loved, and then went immediately to Chaumont, in search of the best means of regulating his health during his long voyage.

A few days afterwards both Richard and himself set out from Passy for Auteuil, where, as is well known, shortly after his arrival in Philadelphia, he was chosen Minister of State.

Annette neither left France nor the little gate of Auteuil. The next year she married one of her neighbors, who took up arms in the year 1789. During the power of Napoleon, Annette greatly distinguished herself, as this brave husband fell "on the bed of honor," highly recommended for his military achievements.

As regarded Madame Helvetius, she also remained obedient and true in her attachment to Auteuil. She always attended to her the most distinguished men of the age, and Tiger, Garat, Destut Tracy, and Bernardin St. Pierre, succeeded to Benjamin Franklin. Cabanis, the physician, at that time First Consul, was walking with her in the garden, she said to him, "General, you can have no idea how happy one can be as a little plot of ground and three horse acres is extent."

That was very true, as coming from the lips of a woman who had refused to marry Franklin and who, out of love to her native land, chose to end her days in the quiet contentment in which she had passed thirty happy years.

Our Correspondents

THE WESTERN RESERVE

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When we look back on the past, and reflect on what has been effected by human industry in reclaiming the forest, and spreading civilization over the West, even during the life of living men, we cannot help but feel proud of our country and its form of government, under whose auspices this has been effected; and nothing in my opinion is more interesting than a review of the first settlement of a country. A few facts can enable a reflecting mind to appreciate the services done to their country and to posterity at large, by those who have loosely remove themselves from civilization, and so were continuous in the midst of hardships and desolation rugged. With these brief observations, I proceed to write a few lines on the subject which heads this article.

The Western Reserve, as most of your readers are no doubt aware, is that part of the late proprietorship of which was granted to the State of Connecticut by the United States Government in the cession made by that State, in conformity with her original Charter—and as what formed her public domain, the proceeds of the sale of which formed the school fund of the State, which has proceeded as much to the benefit of not only her own citizens, but has exerted a powerful influence in diffusing knowledge through the whole of the North and West. This is the country where the sturdy sons of New England have made the forest become a beautiful region, and have carried more in a quarter of a century, that has been achieved by men in similar regions in a much longer period of time. Scarcely any part of the Union was settled under greater disadvantages than was the portion. The first settlers came from Connecticut and Massachusetts, by land, at a time when Western New York and Western Pennsylvania, were both very sparsely settled—and for miles the trees of the forest were their only guide to the destined home. At the time I speak of, Lake Erie was but partially navigated—and there was very little sale for the productions of the soil till the Erie Canal by connecting Lake Erie with the Hudson, gave an impetus to Western agriculture and commerce. Before this time wheat would not sell for twenty-five cents per bushel, and pork could be were high at an inverse proportion, as goods had to come by land from Philadelphia, at an expense of twelve dollars and fifty cents per hundred pounds. Under such circumstances it is a wonder the country was not abandoned; but the richness of the climate compared with the climate of the Eastern States, and the ease with which a man could settle his family on land, the friendly intercourse of neighbors by which every help could be rendered, and the hope of a better day approaching, were sufficient compensation for all the toil and privations to be borne in the clearing of a settlement in the country. Going from twenty to forty miles to mill; cutting logs-way to keep the cattle in the cattle and come to get round, to be protected by the fire from the wolves in the night; the frequent of bears and maybe to subject to cultivation; roads to make through forests not many example, rivers to bridge; and these things had little influence on these people, many of whom left comparatives none such difference in the Eastern States, and no constant privations which can be better appreciated than described, especially by one who never experienced them. The first settlement on the Western Reserve was made at Cleveland, in 1797, and was a permanent one; but I was not settled at the War with Britain that the country began to be settled rapidly, nor did it flourish much till within the last twenty years.

And now in twice a generation has passed away. The stronger in travelling through the portion of Ohio, cannot help but admire the level surface of the country, covered with its green meadows, the excellent roads running east and west, north and south, crossing each other at right angles, with a mile and a quarter's distance as two travel. At the centre of every township you may observe the church, or churches, and other necessary edifices from each other, school-houses are scattered over the surface of the country, so that no child can be more than at least six months in every year. Thus it is evident that the habits of the people are moral, and that a pre-eminent degree over the minds of these people, in respect to knowledge, is not to be found in any State, and in becoming the blessings of education on the rising generations. The sons of a reflecting mind, in traveling through a country like this, might well consider himself in a second land—he sensed by what? By nature? No! But by the admirable perseverance of its inhabitants. The south of the country is hilly, with a rather poor soil (not good crops of grass, but no account of its hilly to produce grass and on hence) makes no a-year-old, and the north is level, with a rich soil, with the exception of a very of wheat which may be raised to advantage in dairy farms on a small scale. Hence dairy business and the raising of stock constitute the chief business of the farmers in the sections of the country best exceptions to this observation; but grass farming is generally considered more profitable than the growth of grain. Within the boundary of the Western Reserve are the ports of Conneaut, Ashtabula, Fairport, Cleveland, Ohio City, Huron, and Sandusky City, all of which are ports of entry, and some more several steamboats and other vessels which navigate Lake Erie. Cleveland is an incorporated city, and stands at the mouth of the Cuyahoga River, at the terminus of the Ohio Canal, which canal connects the Reserve to the navigation of South waters. The Ashtabula canal is not which connects the former canal with the Ohio River at Beaver. Conneaut Creek rises about twenty miles from Lake Erie, and running a considerable distance south-west, empties into the lake in a small harbor. An extensive water power at Conneaut Falls and again at Ashtabula, where there is a fall of 70 feet, is a power which is employed in three several four-mills, &c. At Conneaut there is a steam saw-mill, and in Ashtabula the Western Reserve College at Hudson, and the Grand River Institute, formerly. These institutions are well calculated to exert a strong influence on the moral and religious character of the West, and in connection with the people of this section, may be seen the effects produced by education and religion, when properly directed by education and religion, when properly directed by education and combining both together to an extensive limited extent, and especially a proper knowledge of the whole country, extent and so young, but what can read and write and do the common business of life.

What I have written above in the result of observations during a series of years, in almost every part of Ohio. I will in this: In conclusion I will state, that the Western Reserve is bounded on the North by Lake Erie, East by the line of Pennsylvania on the so far the degree of latitude, thence by a line due West to the Indiana line, which runs Seneca North by the east line of Sandusky and Seneca counties to Lake Erie. Some originally included into eight counties, viz. Ashtabula, Geauga, Cuyahoga, Huron, Lorain, Medina, Portage and Trumbull, which are divided into one hundred and ninety-five townships, five more counties, and so ninety-three townships, are now made, the Reserve square them could not be preserved on a number of counties.

J. C.

Hardin county, Ky.

ACTION.—I have often had occasion to observe that a man blundering and does more for the world than a frigid wise man. A man who gets into a habit of inspecting about preparation and expectation and accession, spends his life without doing any thing to the purpose. The state of the world is such, and so much depends on action, that *every thing seems to say loudly to every man, if he understood it—Go do!—Go to it!*—*Coleridge.*

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1850.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We will be thankful to our friends to whom we may owe truly ensemble, but a majority of which are not, for remarkably bad nor remarkably good. It would be a pleasure to us to oblige the writers by putting all of them into print, but, alas! we have not room for the last two issues very little difficulty in procuring accounts of truly excellent articles, and we would like injustice to our thousands of readers, to accept the smaller specimens of writing that do not come under of the fine quality of its kind. This must be occasioned to them, the reception of whose articles are refused. Many of such articles, upon examination, possessed over us not being sufficiently good for our columns.

Received. "The Watcher," "The Laborer," Alcohol and *de Bonne*," "The Dead Alcoholic," "On the Death of Miss E. A."

The Memorial. The parcels is well written, but we do not think the poems parcelled is likely to do. We will look over the manuscript, and see what the rank of getting our much (I will be publishing "Is there a Heaven?" Why did we forget?

All the laws passed by the legislative assembly shall be submitted to the Congress of the United States, and if disapproved, shall be null and of no effect.

In another draft of the above section (Section IX), which we have seen since writing the above, it is provided, "*the three members elected by the members of the legislature to said territory,*" are entitled to seats in Congress.

In California and New Mexico it is proposed to establish territorial governments of a character—the character of which may be seen by sections 30 and 33, which are identical, as follows:

Sec. 30. That the powers of the legislative power of said territory shall, until Congress shall otherwise provide, be vested in the governor, secretary and judges of the Supreme Court, (of the territory,) to be appointed by the President, to have power to pass any law for the administration of justice, the collection of taxes, and for the disbursement of the same, or the appropriation of the public money, in conformity with the laws of the United States. But no law shall be passed concerning or establishment of religion, or respecting slavery, or interfering with the protection of the soil or no tax shall be imposed upon the property of the United States, nor to the property of non-residents. Every law passed shall be based higher than the lands or other property of non-residents. All the laws shall be submitted to the Congress of the United States, and if disapproved shall be null and void.

The right of process to take their slaves to the territory of New Mexico, and California, as well as to Oregon, after the expiration of and even under the present law, is thus left an open question, to be decided as they may be by the courts of the territories, subject to an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States.

The object of the Committee appears to have been to avoid the decision of the question of slavery in the Territories, from Congress to the Supreme Court, Mr. Clayton, of Delaware, the Chairman of the Committee, is a member of the Judiciary in the Senate.

The bill reserves the whole question between the North and South into a constitutional and a political one. It fully asks of men of all sections to stand by the Constitution and suffer that to settle the difficulty in its own thought appertain. If the Constitution settles the question either way, let those who do not like it change the Constitution against their ancestors who adopted it. We have no fear of the result, if this be the mode adopted by the South. This gland may be easily accomplished by the election of Mr. Webster, by which means, if, as the North contend, the Constitution confers no power to exclude slavery from the territories, And Oregon will best more organized as a territory, and the South will have the benefit of the slave power which the Constitution confers upon them, if, as they contend, it does confer it. If it be a question of the two other territories.

We have no desire to shake the borders of the question from the legislative to the judicial department of the government—or, being so shifted, to see it settled by the latter, and not by the former. We do not, however, believe that right if, as the North contend, the Constitution confers no power to exclude slavery from the territories, And Oregon will best more organized as a territory, and the South will have the benefit of the slave power which the Constitution confers upon them, if, as they contend, it does confer it. If it be a question of the two other territories.

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The vast Russian army to which we alluded in a recent number of the Post, as being concentrated near the northern frontier of Germany, it is now reported, is dispersed. If it be so, its return to its quarters must almost necessarily be triumphant, for Germany has been so occupied with her internal commotions, that she has no army with which to oppose the invader. Besides it is possible that the Russian army may not have come to the borders of Germany, for the purpose of invading it, but to be ready to march to the assistance of Austria, should the latter power find herself unable to cope with the insurgent Hungarians. In any case, the Russian army is a formidable one, and we are glad to learn that it has been withdrawn from the neighborhood of the German frontier.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

The reception of the Volunteers of the First Regiment, in this city, on Monday last, by the people at large, was one of the most imposing demonstrations we have witnessed for many years. The regiment has returned to Pittsburg with Col. Wynkoop and Lieutenant-Colonel Biddle—the original number was three hundred, to which number it has been recruited and increased during the war.

The volunteers in the present war have generally young men, apparently between twenty and thirty years of age, and from the appearance of the ranks of the regiment which we saw on Monday, a large majority of them were between twenty-two and twenty-three. The majority of them had serious, care-worn countenances, and looked as though they had undergone a great deal of labor. Though the heroes—Dramatically a resolution had all labor and no pay—it, almost to leave France, to travel in the East, or to America. This is not the confidence of the present rulers of France. He was charged, I will be remembered, with being an accomplice in the late attempt of that charge he indignantly denied in one of the newspapers. Some months ago, he left the city in sympathies are very strong for the suffering working classes, and that he desires to change the form of a degree, the great watchwords of the revolution, "Equality and Fruit only." But the confidence of the people in Louis Napoleon will not engage the Man for the Hour, for the hand of the last moment involved.

One fact will prove the formidable nature of the opposition which has been made to the new order of things. Under the new government it was enough not to fight the claims of the workmen, so far as they needed it, to retire from the contest. Louis Napoleon, however, was active, partizan, and he was a decisive man, though with one of the most extensive and powerful organizations of the National Guard. These were in the hands of the friends of order.

The statement, however, given us hope that the real claims of the working classes will be regarded. The Assembly, it is said, has appointed a committee to consider the question of the improvement of the condition of the laboring classes, and it is stated that the intention of the government is to establish a large number of public works in the departments, to different points, where work is required, and where it is to be commenced. That the government also proposes to send considerable contingents into Algeria, to colonize that country, and to make it a source of supply for the wants of France. This is a wise measure, if carried out, and we hope that it will be carried out, for it will relieve the country of a large number of persons who are ready for any thing, and who, if they remain in France, will be a source of danger to the peace of the country.

NEWS TO US.

An old acquaintance of ours has so altered of late, we hardly know what is going on at home, and the accused paragraph, which we found in a New York paper, announcing the fact of his marriage, was the first thing that we knew about it. We suppose that people will think about their neighbors most naturally, and we are not inclined to believe that we are not. But hear the story:

Quite a romantic took place in a lofty office of Nassau street, on Tuesday last. The parties were the bridegroom, a gentleman of middle age, and the bride, a young lady of about twenty-five years, which point to be that where her mamma was present, and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Patterson, Col. Webster, &c.

The bridal party then left for Saratoga, and from there will proceed to the Falls of Niagara, and thence to their own home.

Now we have not seen his wife, or even talked with her, but we have seen her picture, and we have seen her picture, and we have seen her picture, and

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1848.

EUGENE SUE.

A Paris correspondent of the Enquirer, of this city, tells the following anecdote of Eugene Sue:—The philanthropy of men like Sue ought to be very intense so long as they are poor; but the moment they manage to scrape a little money together, they forget all their fine professions. In their writings they paint the monstrous inequality of wealth and pray for its annihilation; for the same reason—to make their books sell. But to the anecdote:—

Let me relate to you a trait of Eugene Sue, who, whilst writing so energetically of the wants and degradation of the people, and of equality, exhibits in his own expenses, all the extravagance and enthusiasm we read of in the decline of empires. Some time ago, before the revolution, he gave a 'dejeuner' to several of his friends, (I have it from one of them.) In ordering it of his 'maitre d'hotel,' he said to him, 'I must have two of the finest turbots, and both alike.' 'Yes, sir! it will be a matter of one hundred and fifty or two hundred francs.' 'I care what they cost, and I want them'—and so it was done. The day of the breakfast arrived. Among guests—when a supper dish was brought in and laid upon the table before the admiring 'gourmets.' 'How beautiful! magnificent! what a wonder indeed,' &c., &c. 'Here,' and Sue to the 'maitre d'hotel,' who had his ear, 'put it upon the side-table, and bring it to me, I don't know how to go about it.' 'Oh!' said a friend, who was in the secret, 'he knows'nt make a beginning at anything—he is a poet.' 'Come, Victor,' to the cornered, dropped dish and fish, to the horror and despair of the author, 'what's the matter?' one remarked that some of the larger guests might be pained at the sight of their regret and disappointment—when the last word to the servant, 'since you silence me, I shall not then acknowledge you must' make amends for it, go instantly and replace that turbot.' All were compelled, and I presume, when they saw the smiling servant re-enter with a duplicate of the subject of their regret. In fact another turbot.

The letter writer says, "Is the reluctant?" We answer that the pretended accident, the dropping of one of the dishes of fish, was but another royalty fine in the kitchen, was the very truest depth of vulgar and prodigality.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 182—adults 69, and children 113.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 18th, the Vice President laid before the Senate a report from the Secretary of the Treasury in relation to the imports at rural ports, which was ordered to be printed.

Mr. Berrien, Senator, inquired whether the Secretary of the Treasury had replied to the call made upon him on the subject of officers in the Revenue Custom House.

The Vice President replied in the negative.

Mr. Johnson then said that he would renew the call if the information required was not forthcoming in a few days.

Mr. Dix, of Massachusetts, from the Committee on Contingencies, reported a resolution allowing a number of Clerical Officers in the Army, expected to fall regarding the act upon this subject, which was ordered to be printed.

Mr. Dix, from the Committee on Military Affairs, made a report accompanying the bill to amend the act of the last session, and for other purposes.

The bill was read twice and referred to the Committee on Military Affairs.

After the usual morning business, Mr. Clayton from the Select Committee reported a bill to establish territorial governments in Oregon, New Mexico and California, which was read twice by its title, and the order of the day for Friday next. The bill imposes the same authority granted to Governor Clayton and that the Commissioner, and adopted the bill with great unanimity, only two of the members dissenting, Messrs. Calhoun and Niles' vessel.

On the 19th, Mr. Dickinson presented the petition of Alexander D. Johnson, commercial agent, for the stoppage of the mails on Sunday, which was ordered to be printed and referred to the Post Office Committee.

The joint resolution from the House authorizing the presentation of the cannon taken by Col. Doniphan at the battle of Sacramento to the state of Missouri, was passed.

The resolution submitted to comprehend Col. Fremont during the stay of the Senate at Washington, was adopted.

Mr. Clayton rose to make a few remarks in explanation of the action of the Select Committee, and to correct misapprehension in regard to his remarks yesterday, while submitting the bill then before upon. Some have supposed but what he said was intended to cast censure upon the Committee. That was a mistake; it was intended that the bill should speak for itself. What he said was intended as a Whig's testimony against civil Case, before all the world, and he did not desire the committee to be responsible for them.

The vote on the case was announced as by Mr. Calhoun.

On motion of Mr. Atherton, the Naval Appropriation bill was taken up. All the amendments striking out the appropriations for marine hospitals, were concurred in.

On the 20th, on motion of Mr. Atherton the Naval Appropriation bill was taken up for consideration.

Mr. Niles offered an amendment, striking out the section authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to make monthly advances to the contractors of the naval establishment.

A debate ensued, in which Messrs. Niles, Atherton, Yulee, Dickinson, Houghton, and others participated. The contracts for mail steamers and the mode of paying for the service were discussed.

The amendment was finally adopted.

Mr. Lewis moved a reconsideration, which was agreed to on the part upon the Committee.

On the 21st, on motion of Mr. Dickinson, a resolution was adopted calling upon the Secretary of War for information in relation to the arms and ammunition furnished to the volunteers.

Mr. Dix, from the Special Committee to which was referred the memorial of Mrs. Polk, reported a bill granting certain public lands for the support of the indigent insane. He gave notice that he would at an early day call up the bill for consideration of the bill.

On motion of Mr. Atherton, the Senate proceeded to the consideration of the Naval Appropriation bill.

The Clerk stated the question pending, to be Mr. Niles' motion to reconsider the vote adopting Mr. Niles' amendment striking out the provision authorizing the commencement of naval contracts

Selected Poetry.

FROM THE NATIONAL ERA.

RESOLVED.

BY MISS PHŒBE CAREY.

I have said I would not think him; here I said I would not speak to him;
Forget vows along the hill-tops, and I've vowed to turn again.
But my promises is not broken, though I stood where I vowed I would not go;
When I hear his coming footsteps, I see fly him even yet.

We have stood here all times evening deepened slowly o'er the path;
But I know not, dare not, meet him in the shadows here again:
For I must not turn away and leave that pleading look and tone,
And the answer of his parting would be better not by my own.

In the dim and distant ether the first one is shining through,
And another, and another: twinkles softly in the blue.
Round I linger but one moment in the shadows where I stand,
I shall see the vine-leaves parted, with a quick, impatient hand.

But I will not wait his coming: he will surely come ere more
Though I said I would not meet him. I have told him so before.
And he knows the stars of evening are my meeting hour again—
Oh, he surely will not leave me now to watch and wait in vain!

'Tis the hour, the time of meeting! In one moment he will be near;
And the hot pain in my head beside me. Was that blessed tone the wind,
I would have taken my sorrow, could I live that parting over,
Oh, I vow I will not tell him that I would not come ever more!

Could that form been the night-wind moved the leaves impatiently?
Did I hear a coming footstep, or the hasting of my heart?
No! I hear him, I can see him, and my weak resolves are torn away.
I will fly, but to his arms, and he never is not again!

THE LONELY HEART.

BY SARAH STICKNEY

They tell me I am happy—and I try to think it true;
They say I have no cause to weep, my sorrows are so few;
That in the wilderness we tread, mine is a fateful lot;
My party grads all lastness, world I but had them not.

It may be so; the cup of life has many a bitter draught,
Which those who drink with silent lips have united on white their goodbye.
It may be so; I cannot tell what others have to bear,
But sorry should I be to give another heart my share.

They bid me to the festive board, I go a smiling guest,
They laughter and their revelry are torture to my breast;
They call for music, and their tones seem old familiar sounds,
I dash away the starting tear, then turn—and smile again.

But oh! my heart is wandering back to my father's house,
Back to my sisters at their play, the meadows in their bloom,
The blackbird on the roosted tree, the murmuring of the stream,
The golden upon the evening bosom, like visions in a dream.

The waterfall over that never more shall glow upon my sight!
The uttermost time that melody, I cannot hear it now!
And hear not when the stranger sight, nor mark the tender tone,
There are—for no companionship for loneliness is less.

Selected Tale.

FROM THE HOME MAGAZINE.

HOME AND POLITICS.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

At the head of a pleasant winding road, under the shade of a large elm, stood a small cottage house. It was a humble building, and the little valley on the side beneath it was hardly enough for the motions of the cow-bell suspected there. But it was a picturesque feature in the landscape. The dark foliage over it threw into relief its white walls, and almost touched the battery with its light foliage. The weather-beaten moss-grown shingles were suited to the size of the travellers, weary of poor striking with the dazzling glare of the noon-day, and ascended on the little piece a pastoral poem in verse and fortune. A white cow took recumbent half one side, and seemed to be chewing the cud by to the little bell. Cypress-vines were trained to the front over the door, as a finishing touch, executed by a Creek. On the western side the window was shaded with a profusion of Morning Glories, and a great rock, that jutted out into the road, was thickly strewn with Indian Moss, which in the Spring-time exactly matched the color of the grass.

It was at that season it was first seen by George Franklin, a young New York lawyer, on a visit to the country. He walked slowly along, and as the noble site slightly waving its young foliage in a gentle breeze. And there, not pausing to the children at home again, and forming a little band in their joyful hands and formed a little round in which. A cluster was hanging from the window-house, singing a lively tune, while sweetest strokes on some instrument of the masked the tune. The little band whirled round the house stopping to the music with its tiny voices of child-hood and joy. After ten or fifteen minutes of this lawful exercise, they stopped, apparently in obedience to some signal. Then hand into hand, hands aloft, and formed arches for the other half to jump through. Then they circled about each other with their arms, and looped high in the air. Having gone through various evolutions and attitudes, every one arranged, to new pleasure after their own fashion, till summoned to their beds by the evening bell. Then they all ran round the house, and disappeared.

When he entered the open house there sitting, all was still, as when the inhabitants are engaged in the love. It was sunset, and a bright harvest gleam came from those open doors and fell on the road and made the little flowers in the garden smile. When he entered the room, the scene struck him before his mind as a new sight, the scene which he for the artist's skill to reproduce it vividly on its visible beauty. What village, to obtain admittance after modernizer, he remembered the little unstained house, and the cool shade of the trees, and a walk in that direction. A profusion of roses, and white stars, and the sweet-brier, and the fragrance of the Cypress vines, and the bright flower and rose was bed of blossoms. He leaned upon the gate and looked at the scene. Every rose was bruised, as if some young hand fondly then carelessly gone by, and the gate could not be secure. And every sparkling dogwood bud in the bee the little house. Every flower was in bloom, and in and out the room was empty. The rude benches and the wide-mouthed cradle were perfectly empty. The cradle was rocked by the cradle, and the cat was resident with the baby, branch of flowers. On the window's sash was a small vase, of Grecian profile, containing a few flowers carefully arranged. On the table was a work table, and one had its story under her. Beside it was a small vase of the Revised Statutes, in numbers, and, where it opened at the story under, he read these lines, carefully underscored: "All men are born free and equal." Under the children at school Magna carta confessor, Lee-will, are not given to the nonexistence of their cradle. A shelf was in process there. The loving simplicity, full of love, and not cramped. The will they give for the taste to reach the light. Rather must a not be woman, in which each mind is a proprietor. And and a cruel as the world. Then could he take refuge from the beings of folly that is poured over the building monument to the Revolution, and bestow the destiny of each child, and spin a woman a fool. Each a fool is a fool, and is teaching a young heart, which the spring is unfolding.

The young man mused with pleased surprise. He had not expected to find upper scion of such sentiments in the bosom of a secluded country school. He had not known the name of Harriet Beede and Florence, and saw his name of Alice Wayne written in it. Under these pieces were found and emblem young from leaves, and small hair-a young heart more. He guessed at the law reading and the rude branches. "The scenes not lost up generate temple for such a spirit," thought he "Not, alike will, what consequence is the, scene

and sentiments that surround it?" He took a pencil from his pocket, and marked in Bettine's Letters: "Then last feeling for the every-day life of nature. Soon, some-time of morning, and day-by day dear sentiments, which make them dear, [illegible] to me, and I shall be dissolved with them. Let us be by cricket in simplicity."

He wrote his initials at the page. "Perhaps I shall never see this young teacher," thought he; "they it will be a little mystery in her unstirring life in conjecture what cousins up in the hour of song into her books." Then he carried with him-self, "But I know she is a young girl, and I am a young man."

He stood leaning against the window, looking on the fields of harvest, and the elm leaves fluttered in the hair, as the breeze played with them. They seemed to say that a young heart pleased there. He remembered the clear, formative voice of Jeff-head humming the descriptions in the Spring time. He remembered the sweet, pure face that he had seen.

"Oh, yes, she must be young and beautiful," he thought. "She cannot be otherwise than fair, and fall with such tastes." He stood for some moments in half dreaming reverie. Then a broad smile went over his face. He was making love in fancy.

"What consequence is it to me whether she be either beautiful or young?" said he, inwardly. "I must be hungry for an adventure to indulge so much exclusive about a country school-mistress."

The smile was still on his face, when he heard a light step, and Alice White stood before him. She was pretty, and was intelligent from head to foot, and he blushed at the awkwardness of his situation. He had not expected to find the head of a boy in the garden, and the natural arrangement of the room, had attracted his attention, and, perceiving that the room was empty, he had taken the liberty to enter. She readily forgave the intrusion, and when he told her that the humble little room attracted the eyes of those who passed by, for it had given him a pleasant impression of her. The young girl was complimented, for she was not at all like the picture his imagination had drawn of her. Her manners were flexible, and there was something pleasing in her quiet but timid manner. Not knowing what to say, he hesitated and took leave.

Several days after, when his rural visit was over, and he was on the road to the end of a long walk, and a pleasant vision of the winding cool and little cottage-house. He could not help but think of Alice White. He was ambitious, and had well-nigh resolved never to marry, lest he should cripple his interests. He admitted to himself that grace and beauty might easily be added to his wife, and that a woman had perhaps not the power country teacher was not beautiful, but there was a charm in her face of manner and expression.

"But what matters whether he might hope to find her there; but she answered with a smile, "I am always here." I have adopted it for my home, and need to make it a pleasant one, since I have no other."

All the way home his thoughts were occupied with her; and the memory of her simple, pleasant manners followed him and mingled with the sense of the city. He would easily have forgotten her in that busy world, but her manner and her beautiful voice impressed to cross his path: for though his nature was kindly, and had a touch of romance, he was not a sentimentalist, and was naturally reserved. But it chanced that on woman attracted him more powerfully than before he spoke found himself at the winding road where stood the picturesque little cottage-house. Then came frequent walks and visits, and interviews, which revealed more love-ness of mind and character that he had previously known. Alice was a woman of strong peculiar powers, whose history acts at length all theories. Her parents had died when she was a child, and she was left to the care of a brother, who was quick and skilful in the use of needle, and knew wonderfully well how to make the most of small means. The resulting economy exercised through the by-paths of life, in which she had been compelled to walk, had given to the heroes of her life, and found peace on the heart of her brother. Poor and without pretension, she never dreamed that domestic love, at remembering the pattern as last seen mind, was a weapon to could ever endure. Equally unconscious of her heart been tremulous with emotion when she repeated the words, "All men are born free and equal." She was not gathered manner in the wood with George Franklin, that she had ever been called upon to exercise any of the powers of her own mind.

Years came to the quiet brother and sister. Alice was not well; poor little thing! the tax taken her in its arms, and had her little head upon her bosom, that she could not bear to see it. It was a political supper. He said the man that night that he was going to the city, and that the Company would wait for their arrival, and that he was going to see them. Alice was a woman of intelligent companions. Always it was a dark one. Rose of her close pattern of gardener. "What a pretty girl," said he.

George did come, and they had many pleasant walks and rides together. He brought them books, and the garlands of bright autumnal leaves. They were happy together, and soon after Alice's brother returned, but late as it was, his wife was sitting by the fire. "Hannah be she said room?" he exclaimed. "Harrison is dead!"

She threw herself on his bosom, and bursting into tears, exclaimed, "Oh, I have lost my dear George! Our little Alice is dead!" Dead! not dead! Why, I left her well this morning!"

The rash for all fields, and good society on the

Plenty in the wood gum, and "sugar in the

The right of every white boy and girl in the state to an Education—also to our fullest in and good and pure and wise.

An equal distribution of Rain, and no death-Sun, or Drought.

Twelve dollars and sixty cents for Cotton, eight cents each for Corn—Wheat and Oats in proportion.

Land in the Fee Inn, and "Log House" on the Corners.

The right of the white man and woman to the Ballot, and the right of the black man to the Ballot, and the right of both to be voted for.

The Rights of man's Fat, and now Remember to all who need them.

THE DARK SIDE OF MARYLAND.—Lately a party of men from Virginia, in search of runaway slaves by one of the Missionaries, at the Eastern Shore, and demanded admittance. He refused to open the door, and demanded admittance. He refused to open the door, and demanded admittance. He refused to open the door